

Dugway the road winds up a rough, rocky valley is situated to the west. Turn south, then west, and travel about ten miles and come to what was called either Rock House or Black Rock Station which was a dry station

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half mile we would have to get out and break the mud away between the wagon box and the wheels so they could turn.

We turned north about one mile and came to Fish Springs, so-called for the number of minnows in the blue spring water. Here was a hunter's paradise, if ever there was one, for there were thousands of ducks and geese waiting for someone to kill them. And numberless muskrats were in the rushes below the station, which was not much of a place when we went there, and only a part of some of the old buildings were in evidence to show where the station had been. This was a home station, the second from Salt Lake City.

SOME of my earliest recollections are of the days I would sit for hours at a time, with my mouth open, listening to those old timers tell stories of the Pony Express and kindred subjects, and

rider to return. An old man was there. Someone said he had had experiences with Pony Express riders so he was asked when he thought the man would return. His estimate was over one hour less than any of the others. Some scoffed at his estimate, but thirty minutes before the time set by him for the rider's return he walked away from the group a few yards, placed his ear to the ground, and listened. We watched and waited, one, two, three minutes, and then: "Just crossed the bridge at Faust Creek." (Six miles away.) We walked over to where he was. Some of the men were smiling. "Coming over that gravelly hill by the old cemetery, and how he is riding, Get down and listen. Plain as talking. (Five miles distant.) Some got down. So did I, but all I heard was my heart pounding. We got up, and one of the men offered to bet him

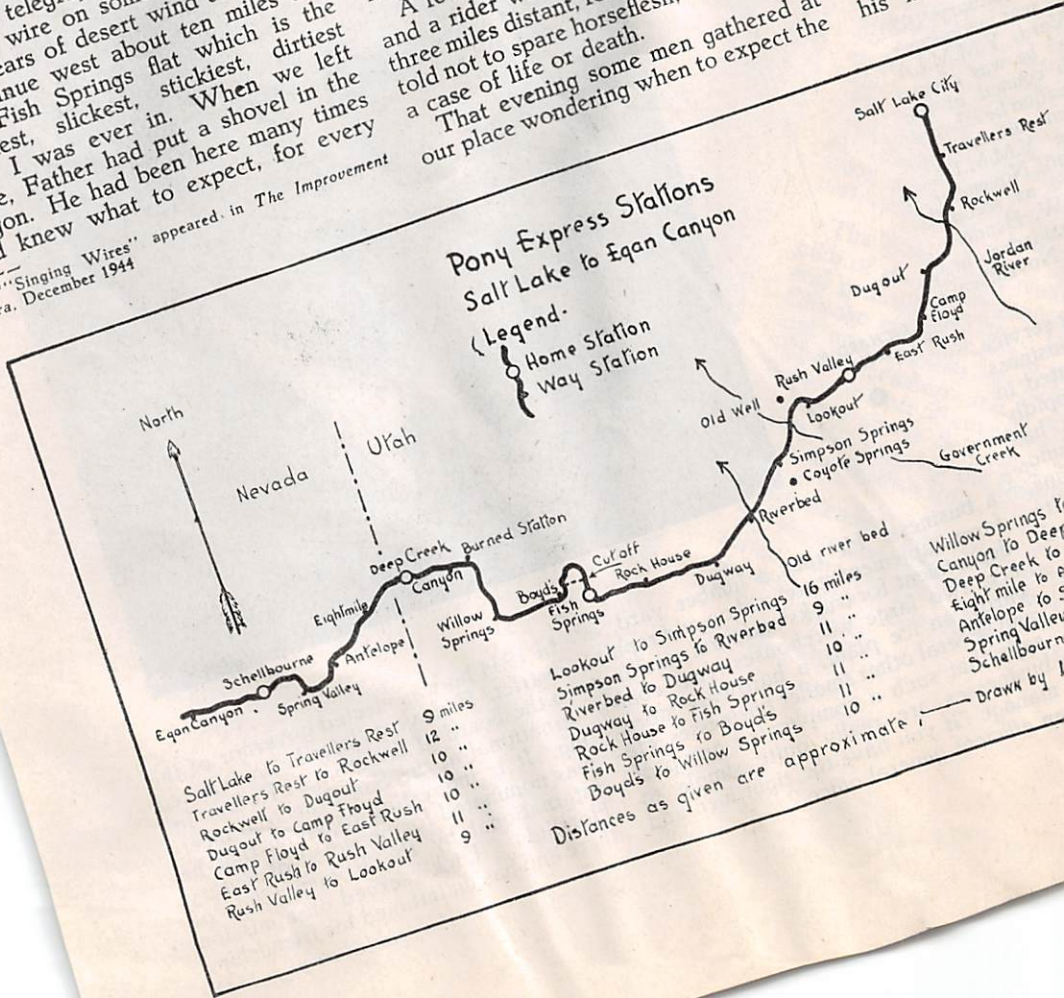
# The PONY EXPRESS

out on a flat with many black rocks that appear to be of volcanic origin. It was snowing when we arrived and all I could see was a few old tumbled down walls. It was near here we did see some of the old telegraph poles still standing with the wire on some of them, after thirty years of desert wind and storm. Continue west about ten miles and cross Fish Springs flat which is the muddiest, slickest, stickiest, dirtiest place I was ever in. When we left home, Father had put a shovel in the wagon. He had been here many times and knew what to expect, for every

I would swallow them bait, hook, line, sinker, and half of the pole. No one questioned the truthfulness of them. One man always told of the time he kept a station out here somewhere and by placing his ear to the ground could hear the rider coming many miles away, and tell just where he was by the different sounds made by the running horse as it passed over the different formations. A few years later someone was sick, and a rider was sent to Tooele, thirty-three miles distant, for medicine and was told not to spare horseflesh, for this was a case of life or death. That evening some men gathered at our place wondering when to expect the

\$20.00 the rider would not be within one hour. He took the offered to bet \$50.00 more that would be there within twenty. This bet was also taken. I have often wondered came to us within fifteen minutes. I could hear that horse coming just took a gambler's chance. Back at Simpson I saw such things in those days. I remember being of some unteers being of some Springs. It was this going east, I believe it came suspicious, and at the place he expected his horse to a de

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# THE PRESIDENT OF

## Rotary International

By HAROLD L. SNOW, M.

**R**ICHARD H. WELLS, a member of the newly organized Eleventh Ward in Pocatello, Idaho, is the president of Rotary International for the current year—a position of honor and distinction that comes to few. Until a few months ago he was a counselor to the president of the Pocatello Stake and despite his present busy schedule as head of the largest association of business and professional men in the world, he still takes time out to speak at various Latter-day Saint services and to perform other duties in the Church. He is the grandson of our famous Utah pioneer, Daniel H. Wells, counselor to Brigham Young; and he is the son of Joseph S. Wells, who was general manager of the Utah Light and Power Company. Richard H. Wells was born in Salt Lake City shortly before the turn of the century. His mother was six years of age. He attended the Salt Lake City schools and went to business for him- self a few years ago and soon became the city's leading citizens. He is president of the Rotary Club of Pocatello.

His concern for the welfare of others is sincere, yet never goes to seed in highfalutin' rhetoric or high-hat conceit. He loves to prick the bubble of pomposity—or illogic—with humor.

He is a bank vice president in Pocatello. He has also served on his selective service board since its organization, and is president of the Idaho Society for Crippled Children, as well as chairman of the war loan drive. He has been in demand as a speaker at many types of meetings. He is a deep thinker and an effective speaker. Among the talents of Richard H. Wells is that of successfully operating

Walter Cleare, one of business men, said of him:

I never saw a young man enter a community who made his influence felt so surely as Dick Wells. He came very early in his career that he came one of Pocatello's foremost citizens.

One of Pocatello's leading authorities is credited with saying of him: Dick has a genius for solving the problems of a small business and putting profit into it.

In 1933 Richard H. Wells was elected president of the Pocatello Rotary Club.



In 1934 he was elected governor of the district. Four years later he was elected to the board of directors of Rotary International at the San Francisco meeting. It is interesting to know that he was nominated for president of Rotary International by the Rotary Club of Honolulu. "Dick" served on a mission there and has maintained his friendships

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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